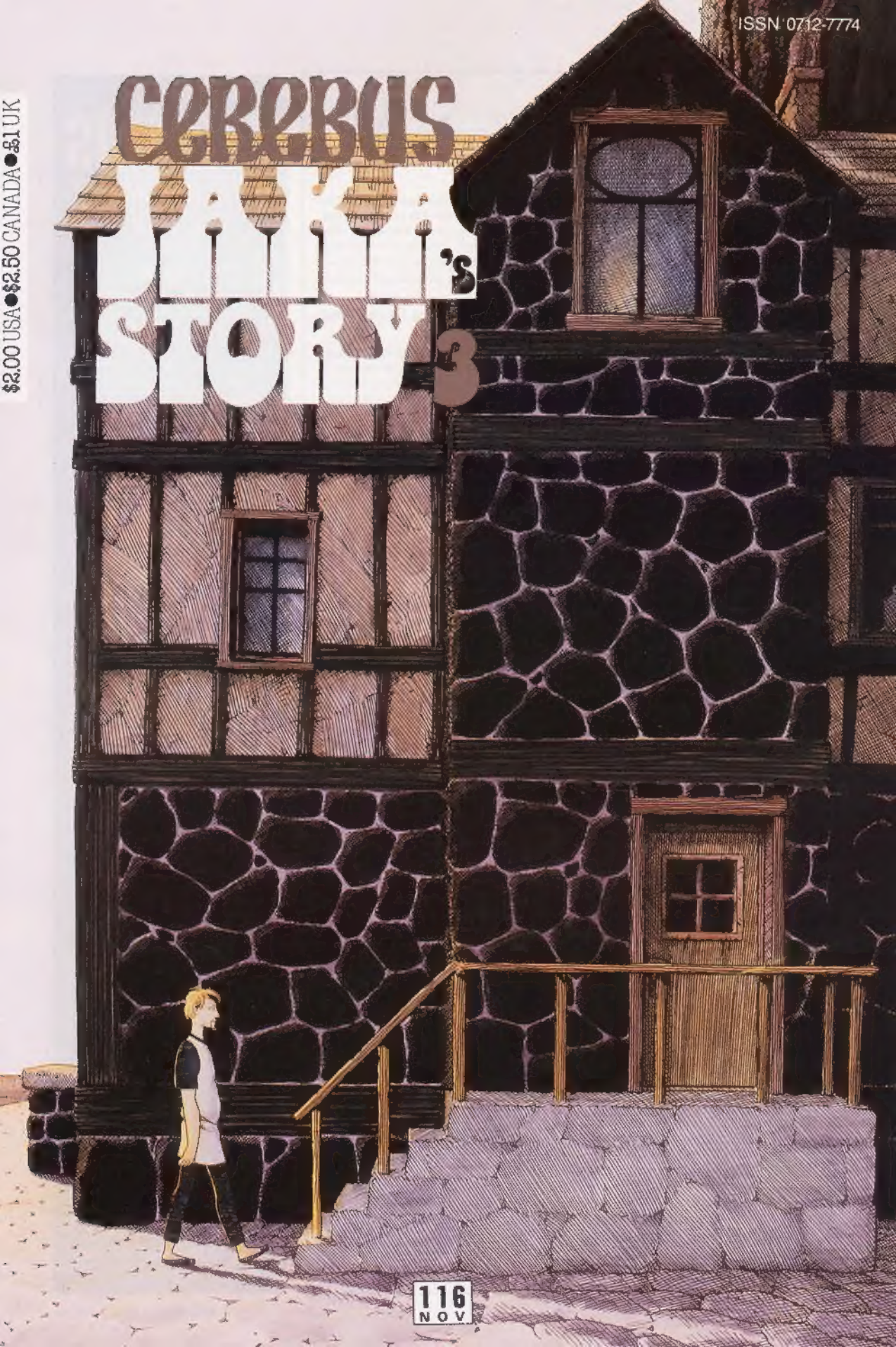
ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

JAKA'S STORY 3

$2.00 USA • $2.50 CANADA • £1 UK



116
NOV

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

Zolastraya and I were having lunch and, for the third time in as many meals, the waitress (excuse me — the female-waiting-on-tables-person) brought her the tea she had ordered and for the third time in as many meals the water was lukewarm to tepid. So for the third time in as many meals, I had to summon the waitress to remove the little metal teapot and fill it with **boiling** water, this time. For the third time in as many meals, there was no apology offered just a sullen glance in Zee's direction.

I've never been one to leave well enough alone so I attempted to pursue the matter with Zolastraya.

The essence of my argument was that there was no way someone could pour ostensibly boiling water into a teapot without noticing that there is no steam coming out of it. And even assuming that they **could**, there is no way someone could put a metal teapot in front of a customer without noticing that the little metal handle is cold to the touch.

It was another example (to me) of the antagonism that female waiting-on-tables persons and female behind-the-cash-register persons seem to have for customers of their own gender and the fact that that antagonism increases in direct proportion to the (a) attractiveness and (b) blond-ness of the female customer. In the case of Zolastraya (being both the most attractive and the blondest woman I've gone out with), this antagonism is, almost universally, terrible to behold.

What I wanted to know was how she accounted for that in this post-1970 Feminist Age. Zolastraya is distinctly uncomfortable saying anything bad about anyone so she ducked the issue by saying "I don't know."

But surely, I continued, she knew what I was saying. Surely she could feel the malicious vibes which were directed at her wherever she was a patron. Yes, she knew what I was saying; had noticed it but didn't have any way to account for it. So at this point I adopt my best Rex Harrison "Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Man" tone and demeanor and really start boring in (in a voice loud enough to be overheard by the waitress, of course). But why **is** that, I implore. Why is it that women react that way to each other. I don't, she said defensively; and in that, she was perfectly correct. I've never met a female who got along with everyone quite the way that Zee does. Unlike me, she seems to have nary a rancorous bone in her body.

This response, of course, put me off stride, but only momentarily.

No, **you** don't, I agreed, but you must have noticed the phenomenon. What is it about a good-looking female that makes females who **should** be behaving in a completely, neutral, efficient and pleasant fashion (and who in fact **do** behave that way ninety-nine percent of the time) break out in a bad case of the Rudes at the drop of a hat.

She was squirming a bit now because it was becoming readily apparent that I wasn't going to give up until I had extracted some sort of denunciation of her overall gender, female-waiting-on-tables persons in general or (at the very least) a denunciation of the female-waiting-on-tables person at issue.

She got quiet and I knew that she was attempting to formulate a response that would satisfy my curiousity without requiring her to say something unkind about someone. Good luck, I thought. At last she looked up and said, "Why is it that guys call each other 'fag' when they're angry when they know it's not true and then pat and slap each other on the butt when they're playing sports?"

I returned, quietly, to my soup.

★★★★★★★★★★

Gary Groth's assertion in Comics Journal 125 that I told him at the Aardvarks Over San Diego party in 1986 that I used the Cockroach character to "shore up sales" on Cerebus rings no bell with me. Either I was drinking and mis-spoke or Gary was drinking and misunderstood . . . or both. I say this only because Keith DeCandido raised many of the same questions I had about Gary's initial comments (WAP! ". . . maligning the Brothers Hernandez because they aren't in Sim's tax bracket" I thought was particularly glib and disingenuous) and I don't relish the idea of my name (and opinions not my own) being invoked to get Himself off the hook. Naturally I look forward to Gary answering DeCandido's questions at some future date. I am not, however, holding my breath.

CEREBUS

NO. 116 NOVEMBER 1988

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Backgrounds, cover-colour and tones

KAREN McKIEL
Administrator

Circulation
26,000

JAKA'S STORY
a novel

•

PROLOGUE
(Cerebus 114)

•

POGROM'S PROGRESS
(Cerebus 115 to Cerebus 119)

•

THE POET
(Cerebus 120 to Cerebus 130)

•

MYSTERY ACHIEVEMENT
(Cerebus 131 to Cerebus 136)

•

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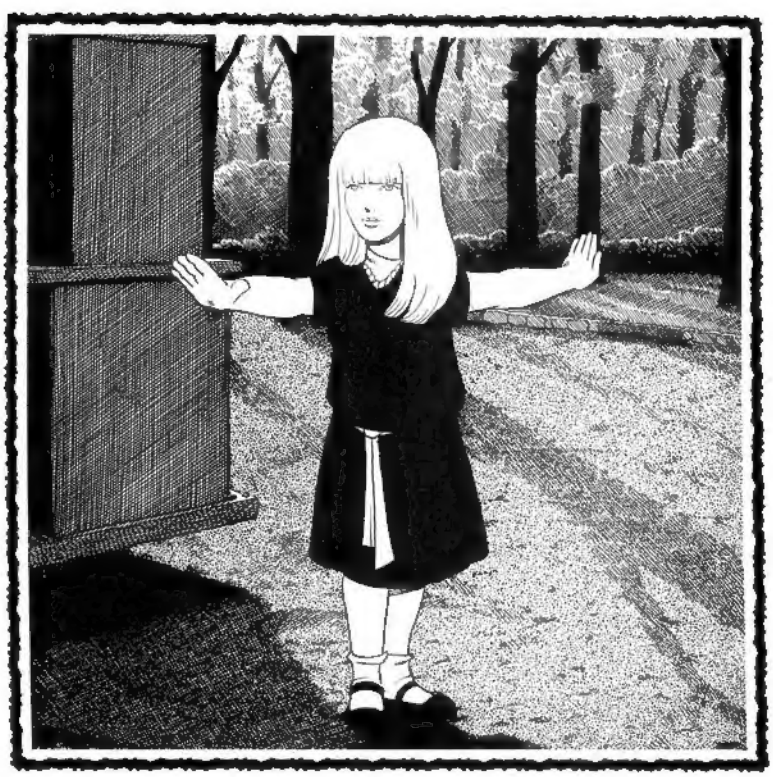


AND THEN, QUITE suddenly (and very calmly), she had drawn herself up to her full three foot eight and one quarter inches of height. Her hands, tiny and delicate like the wings of a small bird, rose from her sides; and, in rising, seemed to call forth the clamorous throng of her mind's eye; all silent with anticipation; some few smiling and nodding their approval.

She began to turn in place.

YOUR TEA'S GOTTEN COLD.
I'LL MAKE SOME MORE.
NAY.
CEREBUS HAS TO GO.
NOT YET, SURELY.
YOU HAVEN'T MET RICK.
NAY.
CEREBUS HAS TO GO.
CLIK KLAK
WHERE'S CEREBUS' SWORD?
"... IF HE TRIES TO CAUSE TROUBLE...
TROUBLE?
RICK?
DON'T BE SILLY.
CREAK
JAKA?

CREAK
CREAK
HOW WAS IT?
TERRIBLE.
I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE ANY EXPERIENCE THEY CAN USE...
IF ONLY I COULD FIND A JOB MAKING BED SPRINGS SQUEAK OR...
RICK!
WE HAVE COMPANY.
DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THAT BEAR FELLOW CAME TO THE DOOR...AND TOLD ME ABOUT A SICK FRIEND AT THE LITTLE HOTEL ON THE...
OH. RIGHT.
HELLO.
I'M RICK.

I WAS JUST MAKING SOME MORE TEA.
DO YOU WANT SOME?
SURE.
I'VE ASKED HIM TO STAY FOR A FEW DAYS...
NOW THAT WE HAVE THE EXTRA ROOM.
THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!
COME ON. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS.
WELL?
COME ON..

THIS IS IT.
IT'S SMALL I KNOW.
BUT IT DOES HAVE THE BIGGEST WINDOW.
IT WAS GOING TO BE A NURSERY.
CEREBUS HEARD.
I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE.
SHE NEEDS PEOPLE SHE CAN TALK TO...
UP HERE THERE'S JUST MR. WITHERS AND ME.
AND OSCAR, OF COURSE
ONLY HE ISN'T HERE RIGHT NOW.
HOW LONG ARE YOU STAYING?

ER.
A COUPLE OF DAYS.
YOU'VE GOT TO MEET OSCAR.
JAKA SAYS THAT HE MAKES UP MOST OF THE STORIES HE TELLS ...BUT I DON'T KNOW
EVEN IF HE DOES, THEY'RE SO FUNNY THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER.
OSCAR SAYS THAT EVERYONE IS...
LISTEN.
KID.
CEREBUS IS IN LOVE WITH YOUR WIFE...
I KNOW. SHE'S GREAT, ISN'T SHE?
WELL. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO GET SETTLED NOW
COME ON BACK OUT WHEN YOU'RE READY.

FASTER AND FASTER and still faster.

The leaves (rustling now, once more) flatten into horizontal bands of autumnal colour; the gnarled bark of their host trees blurs darkly, whirling past her amid a riot of red and yellow and orange.

The spectators, awe-stricken once more in the darkened confines of the Palnu City Coliseum, begin, tentatively, to applaud and cheer this unanticipated spectacle; their cries spurring Jaka on; their applause the life's blood of the five-year-old.

Close by, Magic moved magestically (tho ponderously) in relation to his young Mistress; a kind of equine satellite framed by the rivers of colour and its eddies and tides of bluest sky.

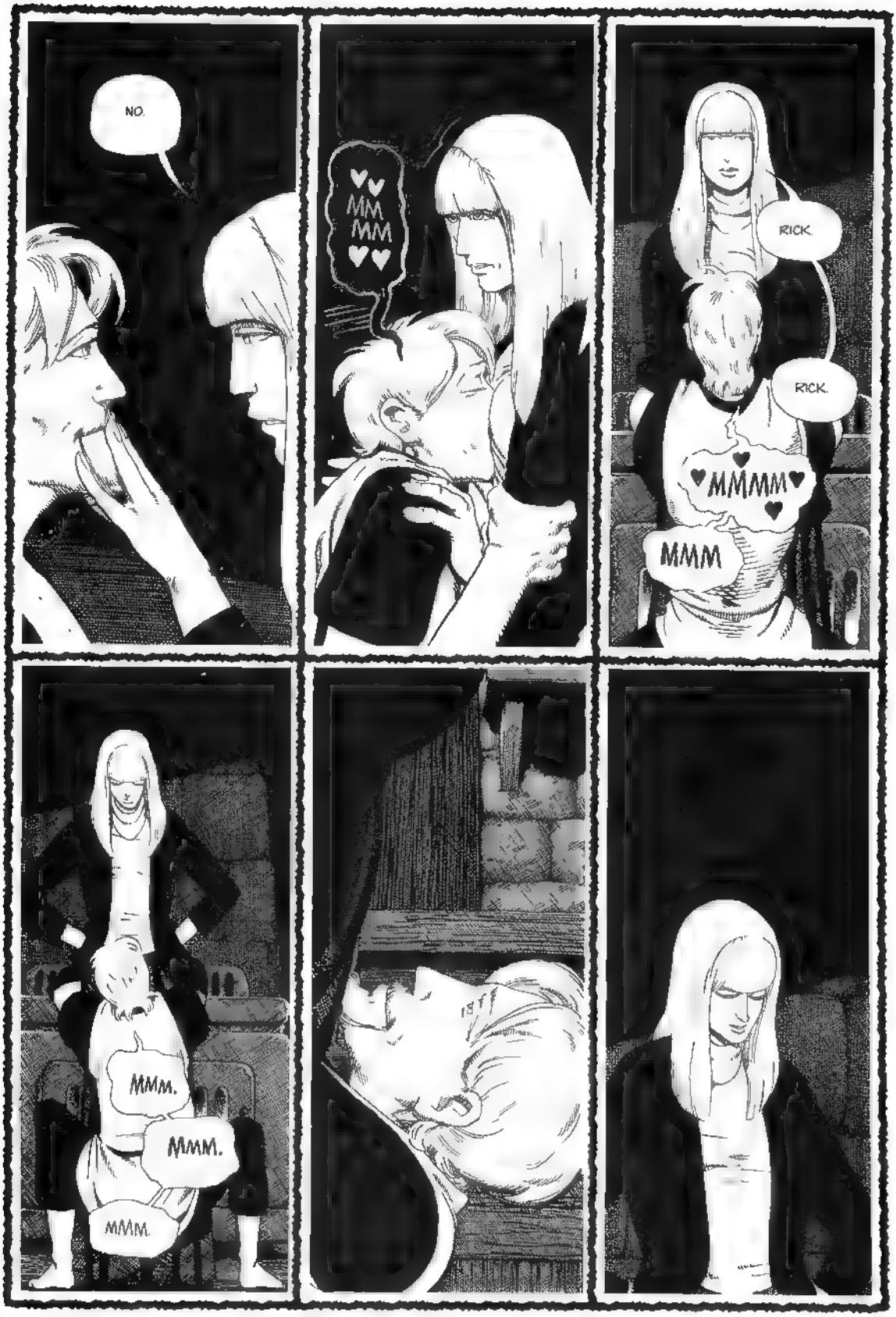
By closing, now, her right eye, she is able to watch as the fingers of her left hand skim lightly the countenance of Noble Magic, Loyal Magic; and then flee. Graze briefly the soft brown lips; and then flee. Touch Magic and flee.

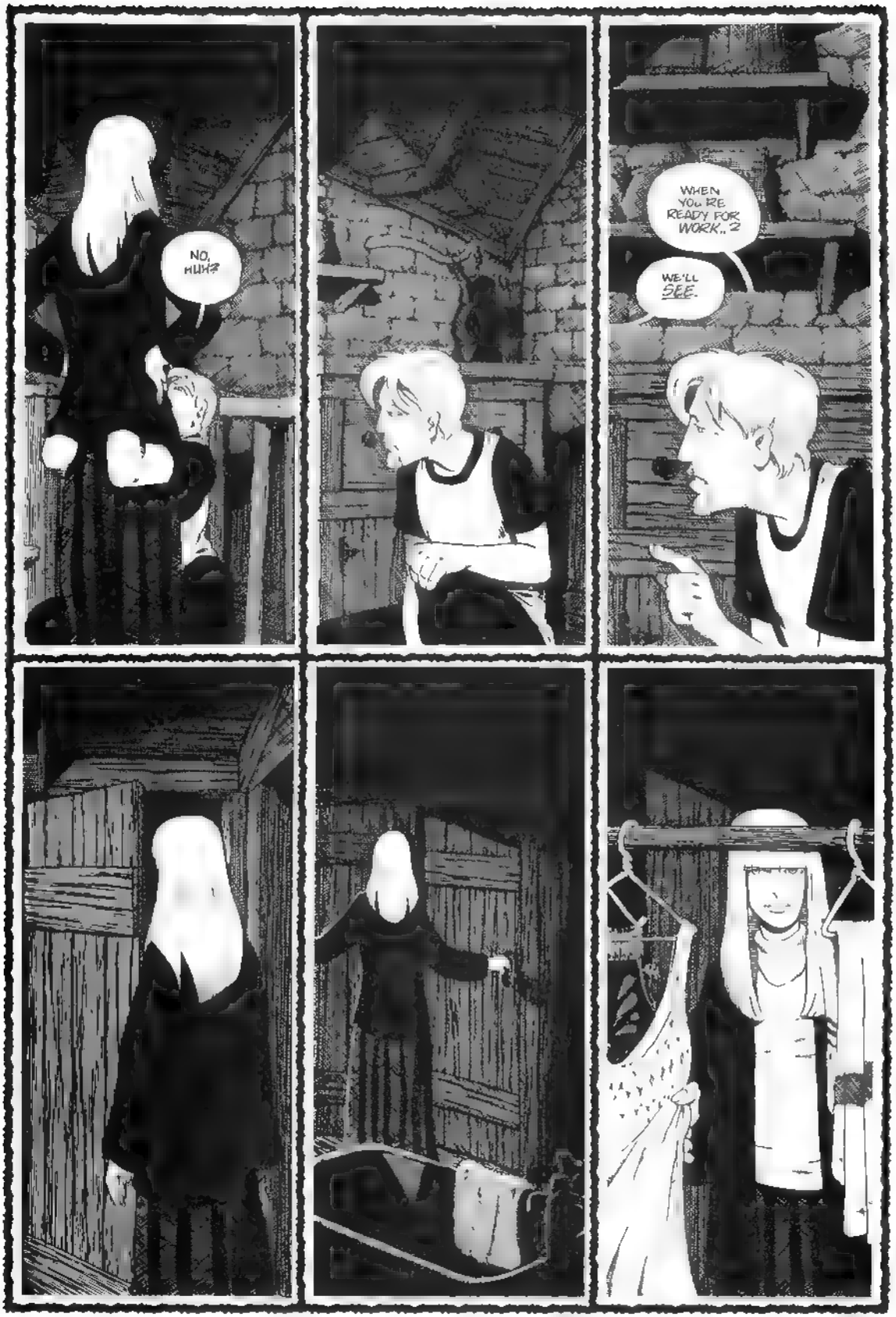
Touch Magic and flee.

A face appears, born of winking sunlight.

OR I COULD TRY MAKING JEWELRY AGAIN...
SELLING IT ON MARKET DAY...
HIS TEA'S GONE COLD.
YOU WANT ME TO SEE WHAT'S KEEPING HIM?
I'LL GO.
YOU FINISH UP.
OKAY.

I THINK HE'S ASLEEP
YOU WANT ANOTHER CUP OF TEA?
I SHOULD GET READY FOR WORK...
OH, BOY!
I WANNA WATCH!
RICK
COME TO THINK OF IT - I WANNA HELP!
RICK.
RICK! STOP!
I MEAN IT
STOP?
I'M JUST GETTING TO THE GOOD PART...
RICK.
MM?

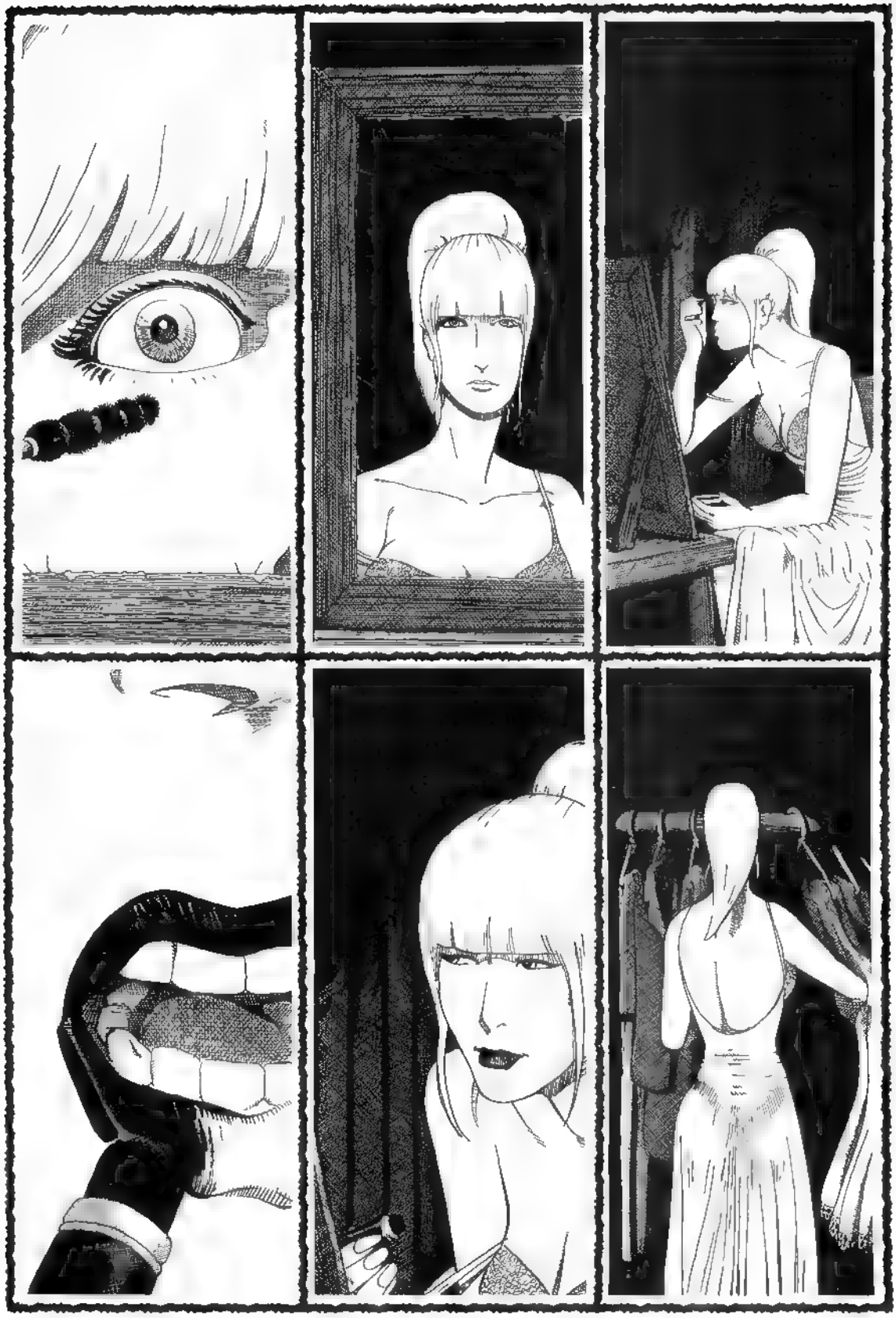

NO.
MM MM
RICK.
RICK.
MMMM
MMM
MMM.
MMM.
MMM.

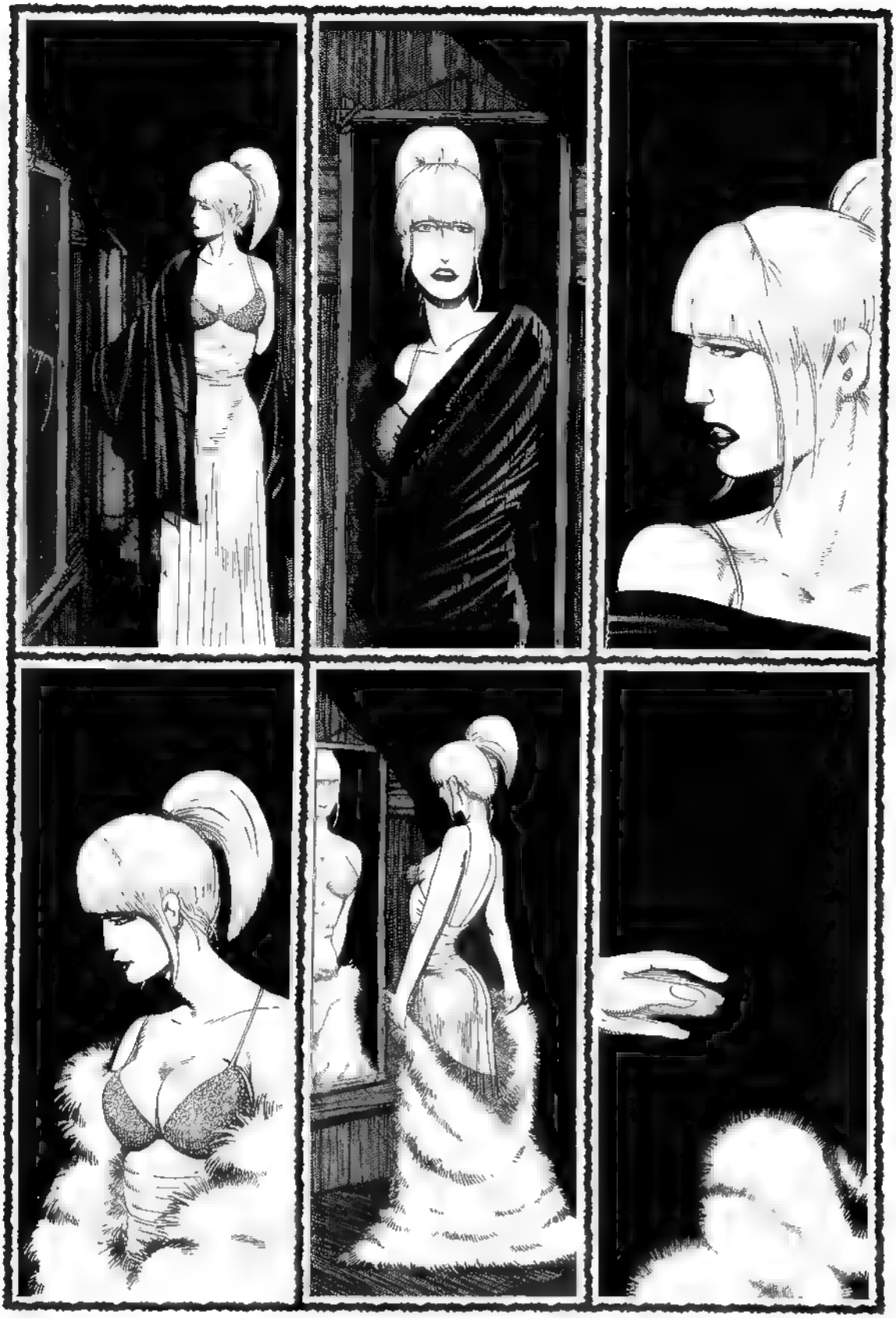

NO, HUH?
WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR WORK..?
WE'LL SEE.

SHE ALLOWED THE sweep of centrifuge to tilt her head back into a pillow of soft hair. Butterflies swarmed over her stomach and legs and she felt herself rise to meet the warmth of the forest canopy.

Unbidden, her lips parted in a broad smile and a laugh, deep and womanly, escaped from somewhere within her she had never been before.

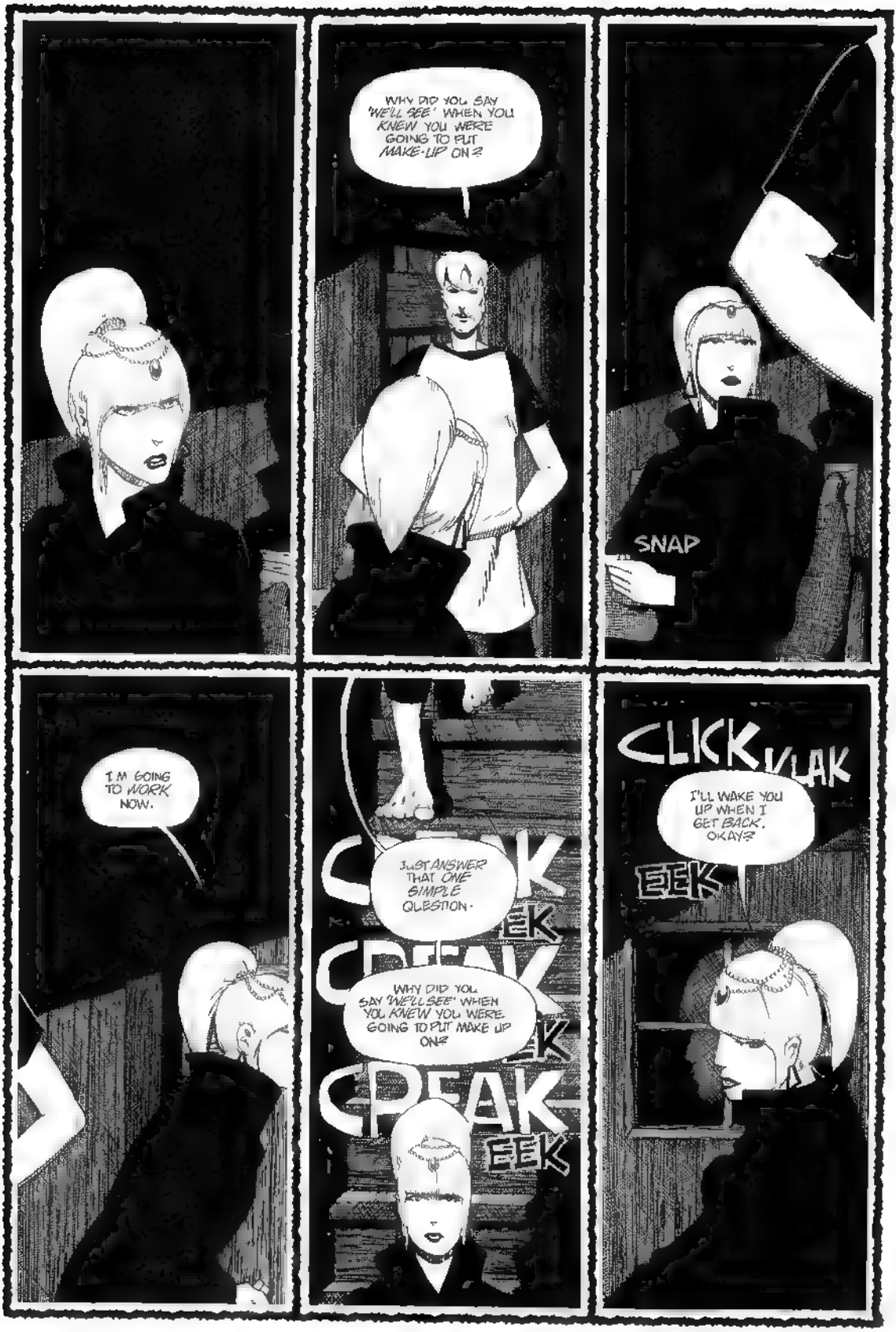
JAKAI

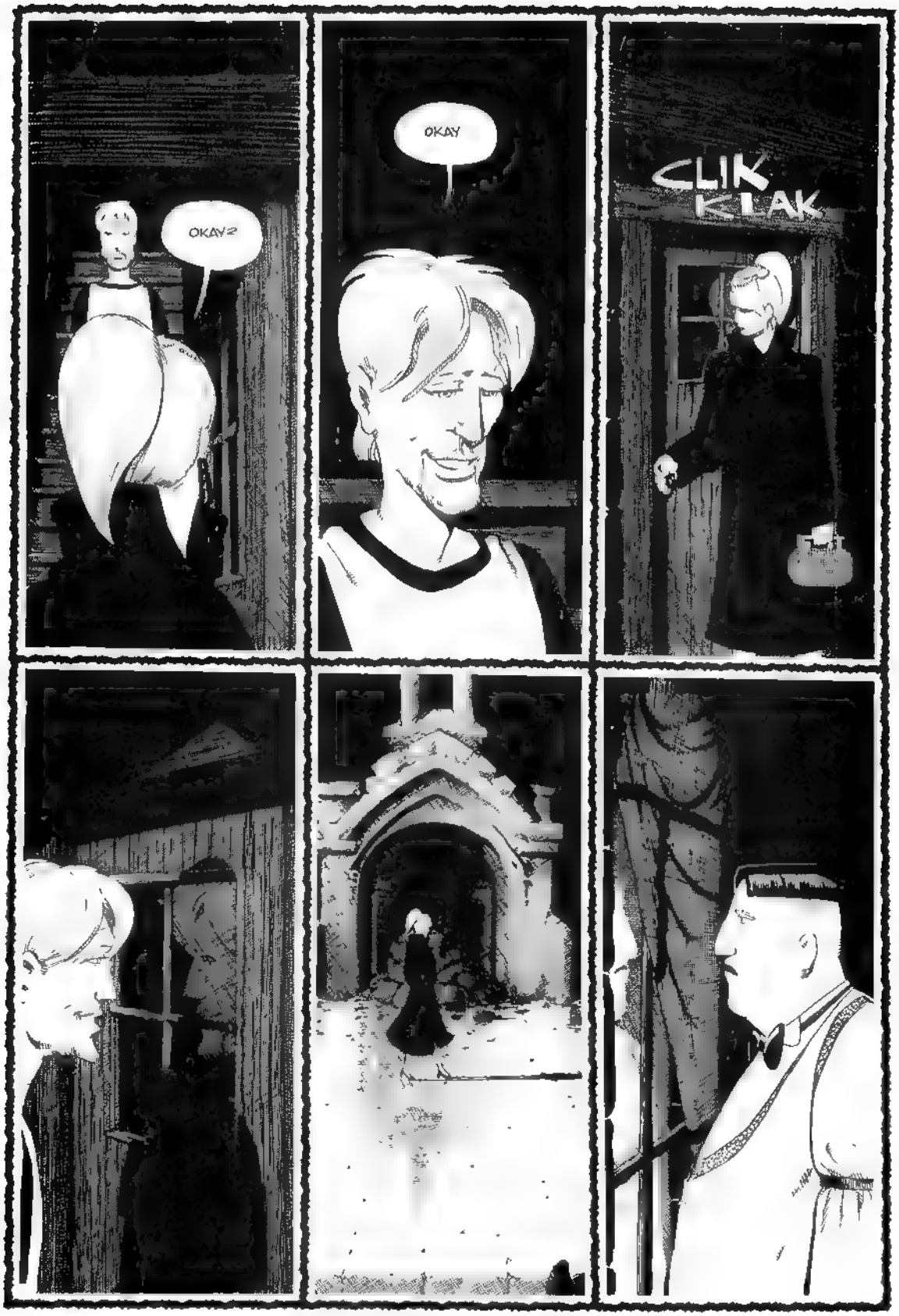




CLIK CLAK
WOW!
YOU LOOK GREAT
THANK YOU

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU'LL SMEAR MY LIP-STICK...
HERE
CAREFUL
WHY DID YOU SAY 'WE'LL SEE' ?


WHY DID YOU SAY 'WE'LL SEE' WHEN YOU KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO PUT MAKE-UP ON?
SNAP
I'M GOING TO WORK NOW.
JUST ANSWER THAT ONE SIMPLE QUESTION.
WHY DID YOU SAY 'WE'LL SEE' WHEN YOU KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO PUT MAKE UP ON?
CLICK VLAK
I'LL WAKE YOU UP WHEN I GET BACK. OKAY?
EEK


OKAY?
OKAY
CLIK
KLAK

DAVE SIM
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NOTEBOOKS

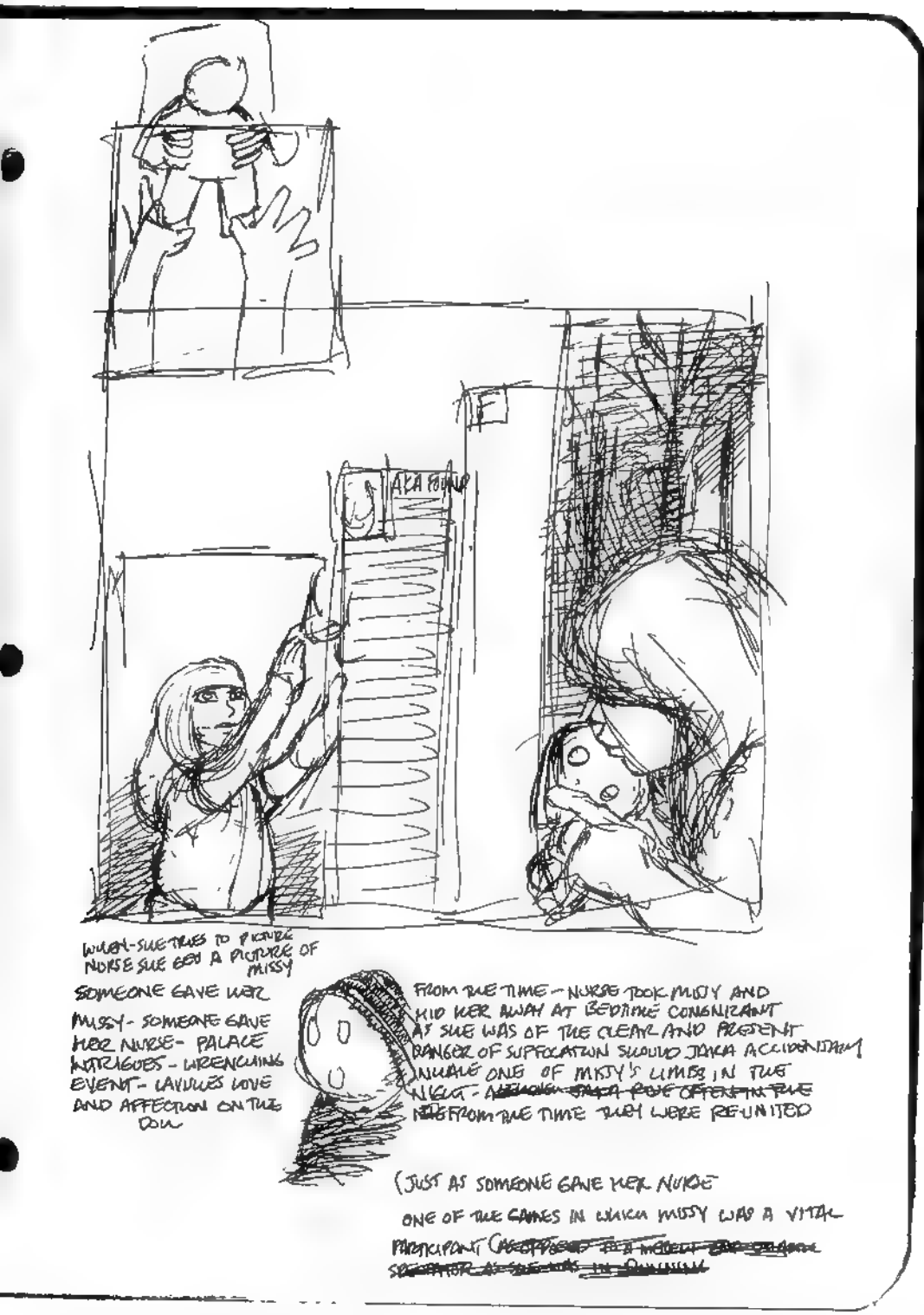
It had been a wrenching change—even for a three-year-old—to go from the circus-like domestic atmosphere of Lord Julius' First Term of Administration to the near monastic existence of life in an isolated wing of the Executive Buildings Section.

Someone had given her Missy at her mother's funeral. It might even have been Lord Julius. It is certain, however, that he gave her Nerve.

She lavished all the love and affection for which she had no outlet on the little stuffed figure. Missy was playmate, confidant, co-conspirator, sibling, and child to the little girl. With her frank gape of open-mouthed astonishment (or was it that circular mouth merely the first glimmering of a conspiratorial smile), her shoe-button eyes round and eager to share her thoughts and emotions, Missy repaid Jaka's loyalty (Jaka had pledged never to die or leave Missy alone, now & then) a thousandfold each day.

From

1. **The panel where Jaka gets Missy back. This was my first attempt at a facial expression as I was writing the 'Missy pages'. I thought a smile looked a little fatuous for the kind of relief I was trying to illustrate.**


AKA FOUR
WHEN SUE TRIES TO PICTURE NURSE SUE SEES A PICTURE OF MISSY
SOMEONE GAVE HER
MISSY - SOMEONE GAVE HER NURSE - PALACE INTRIGUES - WRENCHING EVENT - LAVISHES LOVE AND AFFECTION ON THE DOLL
FROM THE TIME - NURSE TOOK MISSY AND KID HER AWAY AT BEDTIME CONSCIOUSNESS AS SUE WAS OF THE CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER OF SUFFOCATION SHOULD JAKA ACCIDENTALLY INHALE ONE OF MISSY'S LIMBS IN THE NIGHT - ALLEGIANCE SHIFTS FOR OFFERING THE NIGHT FROM THE TIME THEY WERE REUNITED
(JUST AS SOMEONE GAVE HER NURSE
ONE OF THE GAMES IN WHICH MISSY WAS A VITAL
PARTICIPANT (ACCEPTANCE AS A MEMBER OF THE PALACE SOCIETY OF SUE AND MISSY)

2. I tried again here, roughing in the facing page (which didn't change much), but the face was too blank looking. I thought of trying to add basset-hound eyebrows but that was exactly the kind of cuteness I was trying to avoid.

The sketch at the top was a quick one in answer to the question; "what does the scene look like to Jaka?"

The time she looked forward to the most ~~Cafter she had~~ ~~pulled her footstool from under the sink~~ (after she had scraped ~~the~~ both her and nurse's bowl down to the painted raspberries, washed them out with the bowl of warm soapy water and dried them with the towel within the green stripe down the side, not the blue-green looking one next to it) was the moment when Nurse disappeared for a few moments into the ajoining suite of rooms and emerged minutes later carrying Missy.

To ~~say~~ Missy ~~was~~ is a doll is to say Lord Julius is a politician

To describe Missy as a doll is much like calling Lord Julius a politician

- The time she looked forward to the most

Cafter...

-After Nurse had thoroughly ~~expected~~ inspected "Get my thing" and then we'll go for a walk.

It must be so difficult for you Dear ~~Imy~~

being brilliant all the time I mean

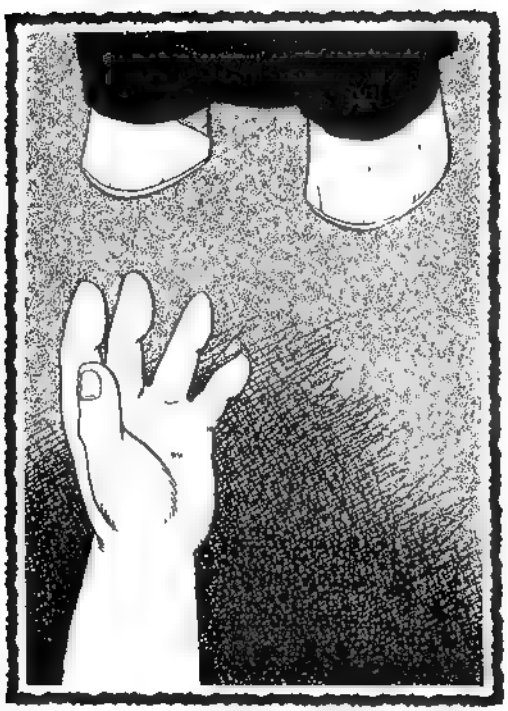
~~It would be difficult, Dear~~?

Not at all, Mrs ~~Hunt~~ Celeste the most difficult thing for me is not to be brilliant. I shouldn't think I would even attempt it. It would take my strength ~~entirely~~ to get to

You might even damage yourself, hm

exactly so.

3. Here I've stream-lined it to Jaka's hands and the doll. I felt it served the text better. The feeling of reaching out for something eagerly awaited intensifies in a child the closer he/she gets to it . . . or it to he/she.



AFTER BREAKFAST (or, more precisely, after the breakfast dishes had been cleared, scraped, stacked, washed, rinsed, dried and put away; after Jaka's place setting had been removed and her chair returned to its original position, square with the edge of the carpet; after all traces of moisture had been wiped from floor and fixture in the bath; after her bed had been made and the antique comforter pulled tightly over each corner to Nurse's grudging satisfaction; in short, after all traces of Jaka's passing had been eradicated), Jaka was, at last, given her doll, Missy. Missy had been given to her by a sympathetic member of the household staff (very much the exception that proves the rule) at the funeral of Jaka's mother a year previous.

Nurse, ever mindful of the certain death by suffocation Missy's cloth limbs represented, forbade Jaka to take the doll to bed with her. Thus, having endured the terror-filled night and torturous rituals of early morning, Jaka fairly shook with pleasure and relief at their daily reunion.

4. Final choices before I pencilled the page; a single hand had a more desperate 'reaching' quality than did two hands. I decided to have Jaka reaching between Missy's legs so that it was an inverted image of Missy 'giving birth' to Jaka and Jaka reaching up towards her 'mothers' womb. Gerhard's hatching background 'fattened it up' nicely.

AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

My turn! I'm a 23 yr. old good lookin' guy, looking for cute, sweet & innocent females to send me cards, gifts, and naked photos of themselves. Hoo Hah!!

. . . and to think this would cost me at least 15¢ per letter anywhere else.

Thanks Dave!

Mike Blanchard
5219 University,
Cedar Falls, IA., 50613

Oh. Hey. No problem.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

I woke up last night sweating. It seems, in my dream I was having this wild party. My girlfriend invited some of her relatives. I was introduced to her cousin, which was you, Dave. (small world, eh?) After a couple of drinks the conversation turned to Cerebus. I boldly showed 5 copies of the latest issue. You politely asked me to give them to some of the ladies at the party, who had never seen them.

Later, I return with a briefcase full of my collection of Cerebus. You refuse to sign, on the grounds you're there to enjoy yourself. I become irate and storm out to get more beer. I return to find my girlfriend waving bye to you, as Gerhard slips out the back with my collection and briefcase.

I'm scared. Please tell me it was only a dream.

Oh, and tell my girlfriend "hi". I haven't heard from her in four weeks.

Sincerely,

Randy Watts
4618 Farw Ham,
Dayton, OHIO., 45420

Zee, I swear she was my cousin and I never went near this guy's dream.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave,

Shucks, I want to be like you, uw, uw, (Bop she do be do!).

Dan Kirchoff Illustration
P.O. Box 460,
Camden, ME., 04843-0460

Sounds like you already are.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Sir,

Today I purchased my first issue of Cerebus (one twelve-one thirteen) and enjoyed it immensely, The art is O.K. and the story is good - I think.

I also noticed that you seem to have a large number of letters written to you by mentally unbalanced people - such as myself.

Since most of the letters you publish seem meaningless, I wrote this in the hope of it being published.

Gratefully yours,

Brad Daniels
44 Stanley Tie,
Taringa, Brisbane,
QLD, 4068 AUSTRALIA

Fits right in, doesn't it?

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave (and Hi Gerhard!),

I quote, "All of your followers have deserted you. Cirin has attacked and seized, with all her mercenary forces . . . Lower Felda and all of Iest. Including all of the gold you had in your hotel. You live only a few more years.

"You die alone. Unmourned. And unloved . . . "

Now Dave, no one loves a good tragedy more than I do. Cerebus has had a fair share of lumps to take, and his losing all of the gold is no surprise, since he can never keep money anyway.

But hey, c'mon, part of the fun of tragedy is not knowing how things will turn out! We don't know until the end that MacBeth and Hamlet are not going to make it. It is the possibility that the tragic figure will escape the fate that "destiny"

Dear Dave;

A few days ago I was calling around to the local comic shops looking for a couple of Cerebus back issues. I finally found a store that had them and asked the friendly merchant to hold them for me.

I arrived at the store a few hours later and the proprieter greeted me by saying "You must be the guy who wanted the Cerebus." Somewhat taken back I queried "Yes, but how did you know?" "Well, you look like a Cerebus fan," he replied.

Now Dave, you've met more Cerebus fans than anyone else. Do we all look the same? Is this some weird cloning deal like in The Boys From Brazil?? I took the enclosed picture of myself so that you can investigate this and hopefully arrive at the truth in this frightening matter.

Yours in paranoia,

Mark Peterson
2765 Louisiana Ct., #9
St. Louis Park, MN., 55426

Peterson: disturbing new evidence.

seems to have in store that rivets us to the story!

You have gone ahead and told us some 189 issues before the conclusion what is going to happen!

Why, Dave? Why not let us hope that Cerebus can make it, that he can find the love he wants, that he can be happy? Why give away the punch line not even halfway through the joke?

Just tell us why.

Sincerely,

Chip Mims
207 Conner Drive, #22
Chapel-Hill, NC., 27514

Well, Chipper. Maybe when you're a little older you'll understand. (Gee, I felt just like Fred MacMurray for a minute there).

★★★★★★★★★★

Hi Dave,

Well, it's Jim Smith, again, Dave. Jest read the letter from Steve in Tulsa in 112/113. I started pondering over that letter and pondering and realised that I may have made a mistake. When I alluded to God's omnipotence I feel that I made an error of semantics. What I meant to discuss was God's potence. Terribly sorry. I also apologise for the brevity of the thesis, but I felt that a monograph detailing the history of that very debate over the extent of God's knowledge would not be well received by you and the readers. Suffice it to say that other and finer minds than mine, such as Augustine, Aquinas, Luther, Averroes, and Maimonides as well as others, have worked on it. Indeed, there was such debate that it threatened to divide the faithful and the Roman Church was compelled to condemn such questions in 1277 in an effort to maintain control of the faithful.

Now, if I might take the space to explain a few things to Steve, although I fear that I may be casting pearls before a swine, and to other readers. When I threw in the bit about God, I was trying to let Dave know that I perceived his Church and State storyline as an interesting comment upon the historical questionings of the nature of God that Christianity, Islamism, Judaism, et. al. have gone through. Perhaps I should have been more forthright and simply said so. In any case, I would like to take the time to publicly thank Dave for proving that comics may be literate and thoughtful and still be entertaining. I would also like to thank him for providing the readers with a story that has subtexts beyond the mere plot itself. Thanks, Dave.

Furthermore (uh, Dave, I hope that I am not becoming too self-righteous and if I am, please cut me off. You know how it is. Here I am, surrounded by people who eat institutional Gravy and Twinkies, and I get flack from a pharisee. It's just that these culture dogs make me see red). Steve, Connie Lingus is not my creation, although Anna is, but rather a noted former correspondent in these pages. As for sexual play on words, may I direct you to the Song of Solomon.

Finally, Steve, my state of Grace is no concern of yours. I would suggest that you busy yourself with your hubris in sitting in judgement over others. Oh, by the by, Steve, listen up. Steve, old kid, old pal, why don't you suck my dick, you asshole.

Jim Smith
P.O. Box 1644,
Wise, VA., 24293

And you were being so civilized right up to that last sentence there.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

I came back to my dorm room and I was really drunk and I was really high y'know so I put on my blue light and I was really getting into the latest issue of Cerebus when my stupid roommate stumbled out of bed and puked his guts out. I mean really, Dave, this has got to stop.

Jay Beauvillia
621 Wine A,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison, WI., 53706

I know. Blue lights haven't been fashionable since I was ten.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Why is it that everyone who writes to you via "Aardvark Comment" is some kind of deviant? Why do they all sign their letters "Confused" or "The Bitch" or "Bizarre sex acts for sale" or "Penny ante dealer who thinks you are a fuckhead?"

Well, if anybody asks, I'm the fuckin' normal one.

Sincerely,

Larry Young
Clark University
Box 1312,
950 Main Street,
Worcester, MA., 01610

I knew if I kept at it that you would turn up eventually.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave,

I bought issue one twelve one thirteen because it was bigger than usual, and I enjoyed it.

My favorite meal is a Wimpy halfpounder, chips and a large coke.

I'm in love with a girl called Ashely More who is very very nice indeed. If she reads this, well, so much for that.

Any chance of explaining what Cerebus is about please.

Sci-Fi Bookshop is the best place to buy any comic, it's in EDINBURGH, 40 WEST CROSSCAUSEWAY, near the ODBON cinema.

A very nice comic indeed.

Mic McVitie
Frostineb Cottage
Fala
By Pathhead
Midcothian
Scotland EH37 5TB
BRITAIN

If she reads this, so much for what? I think I missed something.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Re: the chain letter you put in #112/113.

Thanks a fuckin' lot! Not only are we stuck with making 20 copies of the damn thing, but we can't even keep our perfectly good, never-to-be-reprinted-in-any-form-whatsoever copies of #112/113! You can do the world a favor, Dave: print this letter (read on for details).

BUY THIS COMIC!

If you bought Cerebus #112/113 your luck will be restored to what it was before then, if it changed for the worse, upon purchasing this one. If you have not, you will now have immunity from the chain letter in the letters page of #112/113, or the next chain letter you receive otherwise.

Under no circumstances may you continue this missive as a chain letter, start a chain letter, or continue another one, because if you do good fortune will pass you by. Should you receive any further such mail in any form, merely say "Pass it back" and disregard the threats and promises made to you: the persons sending such letters to you will now receive the punishments meant for you for breaking the chains.

This is not a chain letter, and I am now immune from any ill luck for refusing to cooperate with them.

Thank you, Dave. I think everyone would like to read a few more of your normal (?) letters now.

Mark "Th' Mole" D. Ashworth
6410 E. Calle Castor,
Tucson, Arizona 85710

Not only is this issue a soon-to-be-priceless collector's must-have, double-bag item, but it wards off chain letters. How do I do it?

First draft of a BILL OF RIGHTS for COMICS CREATORS

For the survival and health of comics we recognize that no single system of commerce and no single type of agreement between creator and publisher can or should be instituted. However, the rights and dignity of creators everywhere are equally vital. Our rights, as we perceive them to be and intend to preserve them, are:

The right to full ownership of what we fully create.

•

The right to full control over the execution of that which we fully own.

•

The right to full control of the reproduction and format of our creative property

•

The right to free movement of ourselves and our creative property to and from publishers.

•

The right to employ legal counsel in any and all business transactions.

•

The right to offer a proposal to more than one publisher at a time.

•

The right to prompt payment of a fair and equitable share of profits derived from all of our creative work.

•

The right to prompt and complete return of our artwork in it's original condition

•

The right to decide how our creative property is distributed.

•

The right to full control over the licensing of our creative property

•

The rights to full and accurate accounting of any and all income and disbursements relative to our work.

•

The right to promote and the right of approval over any and all promotion of ourselves and our creative property

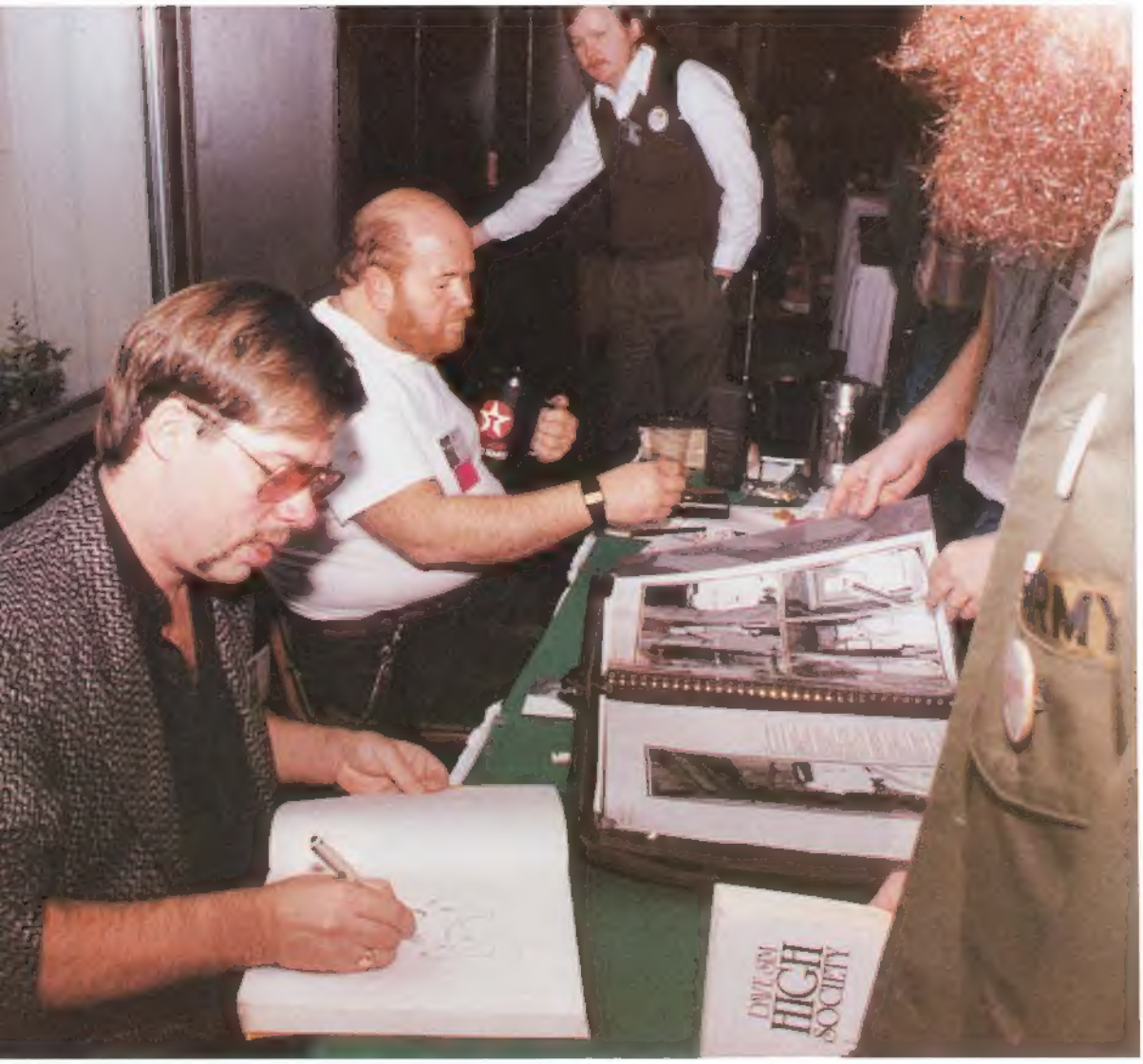
•

The right to control advisory labels on our creative property

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM: Steve Bissette, Ryan Brown, Michael Dooney, Kevin Eastman, Gerhard, Peter Laird, Steve Lavigne, Jim Lawson, Larry Marder, Mark Martin, Scott McCloud, Ken Mitchroney, Stephen Murphy, Richard Pini, Dave Sim, Eric Talbot, Rick Veitch and Michael Zulli at the Northampton Summit, November 17, 1988

GERHARD

Drawing I did from a photo.... Heathrow airport 1986.



At Scicon 10 in Virginia Beach, VA., November with an unidentified gentleman who knows he can trust his car to the man who wears the star (and carries that thermos everywhere to remind himself). Say – isn't that famous Kip Williams, the famous editor of the famous New Pals magazine, going through that door? And look in the foreground – it's the famous winner of the famous costume contest in his famous Steve Bissette disguise. What a con!

Photo by Bill Bridges

NOTEBOOKS

It had been a wrenching change—even for a three-year-old—to go from the circus-like domestic atmosphere of Lord Julius' ~~[illegible]~~ First Term of Administration to the near monastic existence of life in an isolated wing of the Executive Buildings Section.

Someone had given her Missy at her mother's funeral. It might even have been Lord Julius. It is certain, however that he gave her Nurse.

She lavished all the love and affection for which she had no outlet on the little stuffed figure. Missy was playmate, confidant, co-conspirator, sibling, ~~[illegible]~~ and child to ~~[illegible]~~. With her frank gape of open-mouthed astonishment (or was it that circular mouth merely the first glimmering of a ~~[illegible]~~ conspiratorial smile), her ~~[illegible]~~ shoe-button eyes roved and ~~[illegible]~~ eager ~~[illegible]~~ to share her thoughts and emotions, Missy repaid Jaka's loyalty (Jaka had promised never to die or leave Missy alone, ever) a thousandfold each day.

From

WHEN SUE TRIES TO PICTURE NURSE SUE GETS A PICTURE OF MISSY.

SOMEONE GAVE HER MISSY - SOMEONE GAVE HER NURSE - PALACE INTRIGUES - WRENCHING EVENT - LAVISHES LOVE AND AFFECTION ON THE DOLL

FROM THE TIME - NURSE TOOK MISSY AND KID HER AWAY AT BEDTIME CONGNIZANT AS SUE WAS OF THE CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER OF SUFFOCATION SHOULD JAKA ACCIDENTALLY INHALE ONE OF MISSY'S LIMBS IN THE NIGHT - ~~[illegible]~~ FROM THE TIME THEY WERE REUNITED

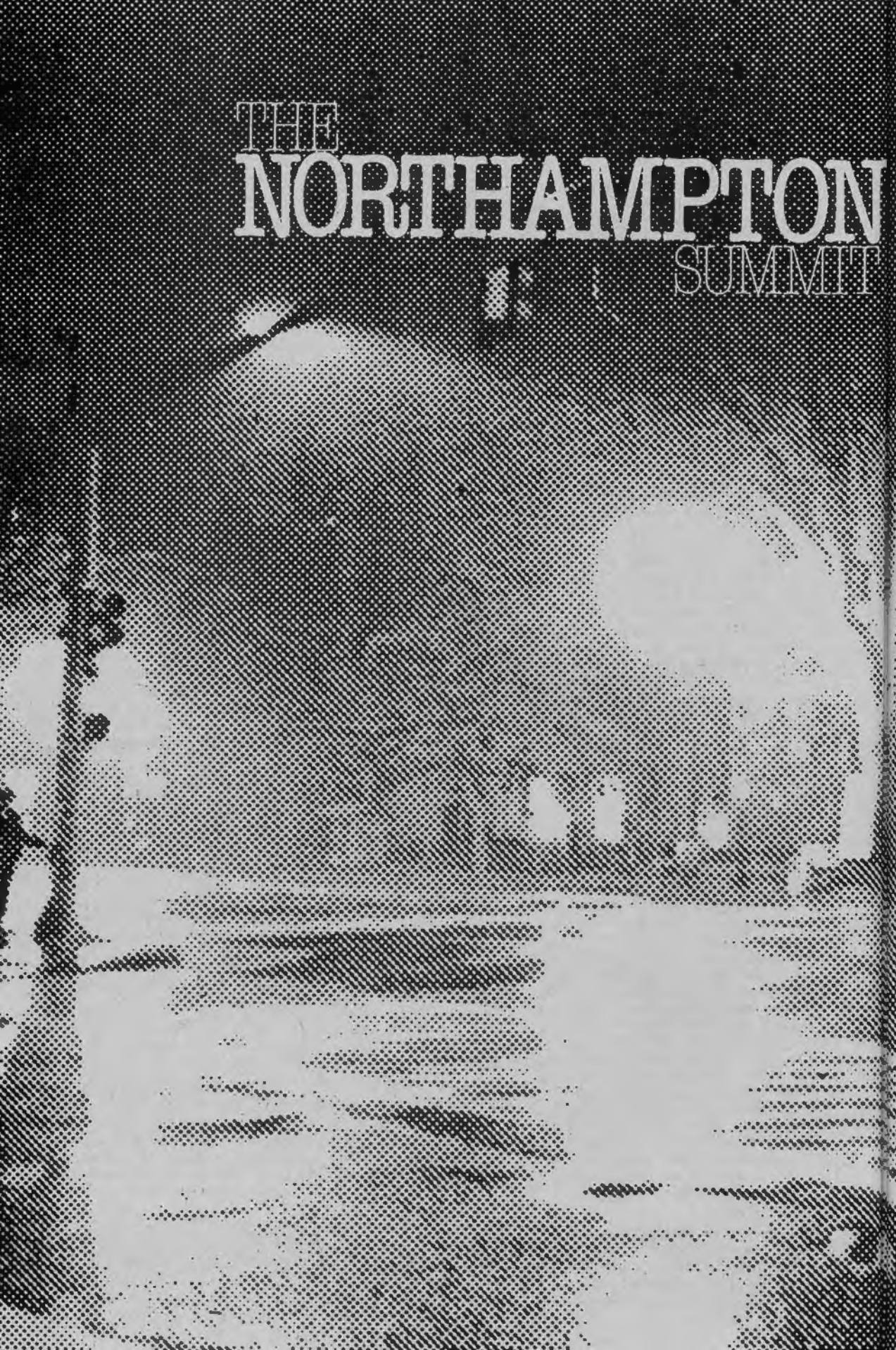
(JUST AS SOMEONE GAVE HER NURSE ONE OF THE GAMES IN WHICH MISSY WAS A VITAL PARTICIPANT (~~[illegible]~~ SPECTATOR AS SUE WAS IN CHILDHOOD

1. **The panel where Jaka gets Missy back. This was my first attempt at a facial expression as I was writing the 'Missy pages'. I thought a smile looked a little fatuous for the kind of relief I was trying to illustrate.**

2. **I tried again here, roughing in the facing page (which didn't change much), but the face was too blank looking. I thought of trying to add basset-hound eyebrows but that was exactly the kind of cuteness I was trying to avoid.**

   The sketch at the top was a quick one in answer to the question; "what does the scene look like to Jaka?"

THE NORTHAMPTON SUMMIT



SUMMIT HOSTS Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird, architects of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles phenomenon.

PHOTOS by GERHARD

Eric Talbot, co-creator of Melting Pot, Larry Marder (Beanworld Press), Michael Zulli, co-creator of the Puma Blues and Scott McCloud, creator of Zot! await the opening kick-off.

Richard Pini (WaRP Graphics), and Mark Martin (Mighty Pumpkin Publishing Empire) try to pretend they don't know Ken Mitchroney, creator of Space Ark and Rick Veitch creator of The One as they lock felt-tips over a point of order.

Jim Lawson, creator of Bade Biker, Stephen Murphy, co-creator of the Puma Blues and hosts Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman (Mirage Studios). That's me re-capping the Toronto Summit before the focus shifted to Scott McCloud's Bill of Rights.

The goal-line in sight, Scott McCloud and I have a confrontation over whether the preamble will say 'medium' or 'industry'. We compromised with the generic 'comics'. I lost my attempts to expand it to 'comics medium' or 'comic books'.